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R E P L Y

TO A

SHORT REVIEW of the POLITICAL STATE of
GREAT BRITAIN, at the Commencement of the
Year 1787.

WITH A

R E F O I N D E R

TO THE

PEOPLE'S ANSWER.

mutato Nomine, de te
Fabula narratur. HOR.

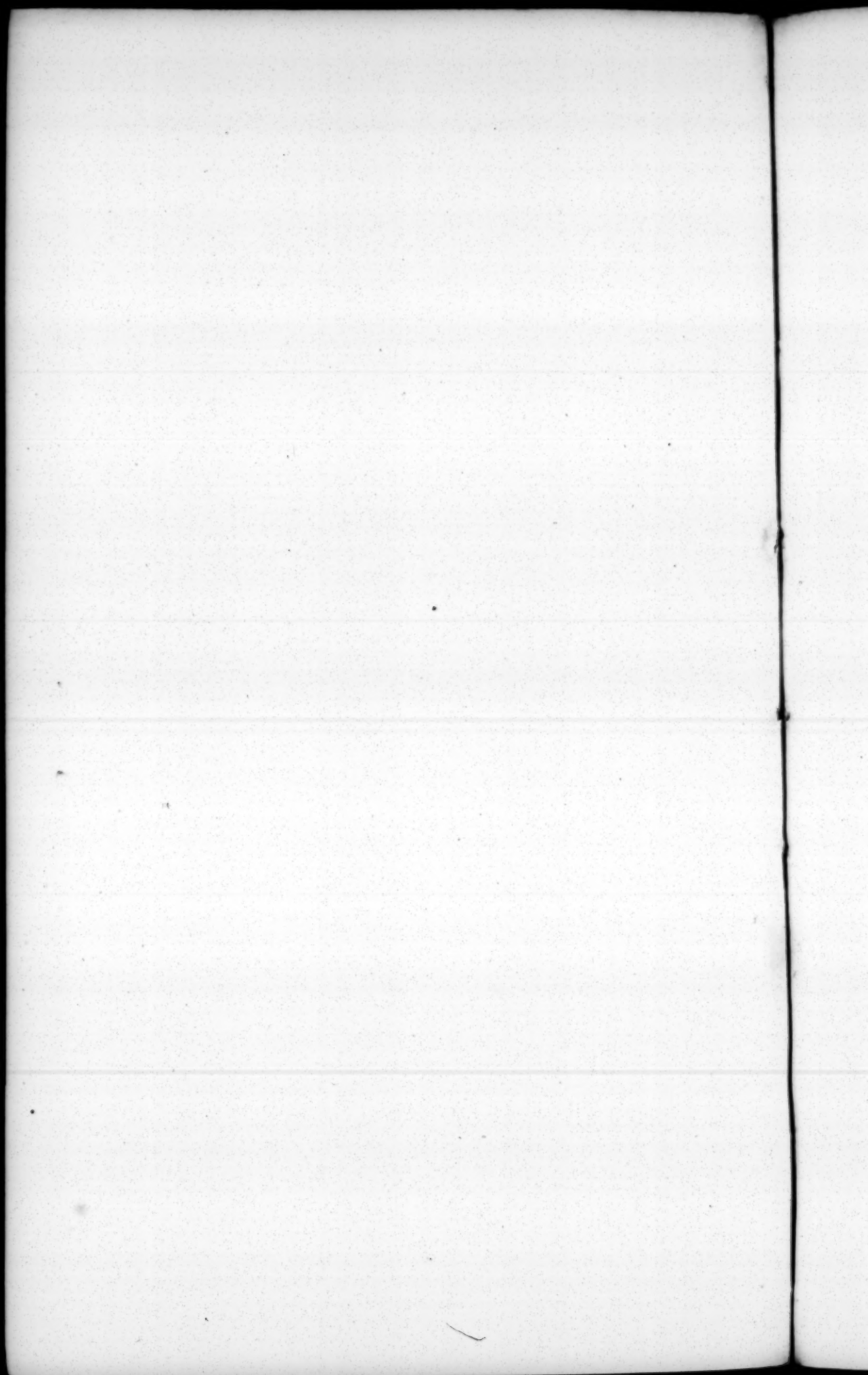
THIRD EDITION.



L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR JOHN BELL,
BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND,

January 1787.

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R E P L Y, &c.

THERE is no species of controversial composition that so much imposes upon the million as an affected candour. Let but a political writer set out with the protestations of impartiality ; let him, in order to heighten the deception, bespatter the leaders of both parties with obloquy, intermixed with some share of praise, and his end is in a great measure effected.

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The people of England are so disgusted with the indiscriminate virulence, and unmerited eulogiums of party, that whenever a pamphlet appears, in which hardly any characters whatever are held up as either immaculately virtuous, or diabolically vicious; but where purity of mind and sublimity of talents, are mingled with, and debased by the foibles of nature, we at least pronounce it a candid performance, where rancour can have no share, where cunning can have no view, and where the most disinterested patriotism only predominates. But should such a composition, upon an attentive perusal, be found to teem with charges of the most heinous kind, and of the most depraved malignity, against those very characters that the writer at first so profusely embellishes with perfections, every reader must throw it aside with disdain, and

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execrate such a base design of that petty dauber, who has the ignorant audacity to affirm, that beauty consists in ugliness, and that depravity is virtue.

When a person writes from conviction, he is at least generally consistent. His opinions may be erroneous, but they will very seldom be incongruous. Integrity of sentiment is sure to produce uniformity: Whether it be truth or not that the conscious mind advances, is left to the determination of the world. It has this virtue, however, which all mankind revere, that the emanations of its pen flow from the purity of its heart. The sincere man's opinions are entitled to respect, whether the object of his idolatry be the charms of a Pitt, or the fascinations of a Fox. If the heart be but good, although the mind may be weak, or the understanding

understanding be misled, the world may pity, but they never will detest. The errors of a bigot beget commiseration. The vices of a hypocrite on the contrary, rouse our indignation and provoke our resentment.

Envy could never draw a reply to the anonymous speculations of the *intelligent and reflecting mind* which reviewed the "Political State of Great Britain at the Commencement of the year One thousand seven hundred and eighty seven."

The novel manner in which the Review is conducted, attracts indeed our attention. The loose periods of which it consists are run over, before we perceive that a few attempts at a few characters are *all* that is aimed at. As to the political state, it is not so much as once thought of, how-
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ever much it “ *may be detached from the general mass of time and matter, which constitute and compose what we denominate History. Even the relative and respective situations of the King and the People, of the governors and the governed,*” is by no means pointed out ; and unless a few bland expressions and false compliments are meant, it is impossible to conceive any intention in this Political Review. If however it has any thing for which it deserves present notice, or may preserve a name in future time, it is from its exhibiting the most glaring instance of inconsistent flattery and false character, that ever met the observation of men. We mean to be understood. The man who speaks his opinion is consistent ; the man who speaks it not, betrays himself in a thousand ways, and is intangled in the nets which he himself has spread.

The tongue or the pen of the vile flatterer should preserve as sacred, those characters which mankind ought to look up to and regard. The "*unprecedented disgraces and calamities,*" which the Political Observer tells us, "*have happened in the reign of George the Third,*" and which he enumerates with all due formality and aggravation; "*the loss of dominion, of armies, of fleets, and of millions. The abyss of ruin into which a long train of unfortunate councils has plunged the empire, the degree of political insignificance into which the country is fallen,*" exist only in his own mind; "yet," says he, "*these have not deprived his Majesty of popularity;*" and why has it survived this mighty wreck? From many circumstances, CURIOUS TO INVESTIGATE, his power of raising a race of princes, and being married to a prolific Queen, perhaps prevented the diadem from a rude assault, and
from

from being torn from the Royal Brow."

Whether this is treason or ill nature, we know not, nor pretend to know ;---but he proceeds, "*his numerous family, his private virtues, and domestic character, drew a veil, even in the opinion of his enemies, across his Government and Administration. The father and the husband protected and sheltered the Prince ! ! !*" Why, what does this mean ? Is it meant that the public character of George the Third wants shelter and protection, in domestic virtues, from the vengeance of his subjects ? If it is not meant, at least it is expressed ; nor are we relieved from the anger with which this will naturally fill a loyal breast, by his observation, that "*Charles the First and George the Third are similar in those virtues and qualifications, which could not secure the first from the scaffold and the block ! ! !*" In addition to the virtues of the husband and the

father, are added several inferior and *necessary supports*. The disobedience of the eldest son is the *necessary* prop of the father's character. Absurdity, contradiction, and confusion, where have ye hitherto maintained your reign? Is it possible that a man can be found, who is so entirely void of ideas, to the words of which he is so profuse? Or, do we contemplate the production of an automaton, a mill, which arranges words, but which has no ideas?

The *positive* virtues of the Sovereign still remain alone; the husband and the father comprises all; but as a reparation, and as *negative* virtues to the disobedience of the Son, the disobedience and inordinate ambition of his *monstrous* servants, the Coalition is added, backed by the story of an assassination, which he says,
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did not actually exist, and these two positive virtues, with their negative train, occasioned our Sovereign to acquire "*more numerous and adulatory addresses, than James the First or Richard Cromwell. Usurpers, ideots and tyrants,*" he tells us, "*have been successively complimented with the same professions of duty and affection.*" The character of our Sovereign prevents us from ever conceiving that the man, or the automaton, or the mill, (which ever it is) could ever mean to include him in either of these; that is impossible, and we wish the observation had been introduced at a better time and a fitter place,

In addition to this strange farrago of we know not well what, comes another observation, "*that a consciousness of the danger which never actually existed, was perhaps augmented in its effect by an obvious and unavoidable*

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able reflection on the character of the Prince, who must have succeeded to the vacant Throne: This obliterated the recollection of faded glories, and brought the popularity of George the Third. after a long reign, of which the first portion was only remarkable for a bad peace, and the latter for the destruction of the altar of victory, and for treading in the dust the Imperial Eagle."

"*This King,*" however, he says, will soar "*above the limits of a vulgar fate.*" What does this mean? "*His continence, the decorum of his manners, and his conjugal virtues, hold him up in a point of view to which no heart of feeling, or mind of reflection, can ever be insensible.*" Thus has the Author of the Short Review of the Political State of Britain delineated her King!!!

Whether any distinct idea may be left in the minds of those who read the most inconsistent

consistent arrangement of words that ever were printed, we do not know ; but if the words are taken in their literal meaning, such of those parts as are not completely contradicted by the next sentence, we should understand, that the King is a good husband and a good father, but a very bad King ; and that he, by means of these domestic virtues, together with the disobedience of his Son, Charles Fox, and Margaret Nicholson, has acquired a popularity which he does not deserve. Leaving for a moment then the loose declamation of the *candid Reviewer*, who says and unsays nine-tenths of what he says at all, we will venture to put him right in point of fact, in a plain way.

The popularity of George the Third is not a casual fabrication, as this man would have us believe, but arises from a much
more

more solid cause. This nation, governed as it is by Parties, will always find, that when unsuccessful, parties will lose the confidence of the people; and it is not owing to the Coalition alone, but there are as great, though perhaps not quite so glaring (because the men themselves are not so remarkable) inconsistencies on the other side of the House. The nation is in some degree disgusted with them all, and give not its full confidence to either. The King, by the constitution of this country, is not of any party, but sways them both; so that the people and the King unite naturally to oppose parties, and, in proportion to their confidence or mistrust, is the connection between the King and the People. This has made the King popular at this time, added to a firm belief, that besides being a good man, he is a good King. The nation knows, that although *humanum est errare*,* the King has
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* We give a little scrap of Latin, because our author chuses to do so sometimes.

never once *erred in his intention* to his subjects. Yes, we speak it with confidence, our Sovereign deserves the gratitude of his people; for he might speak thus :

“ 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
Yet we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.”

We therefore in a less dignified style than *the loose bombast of our Reviewer*, will venture to maintain, that he mistook the King, when he said, the father and the husband protected the Prince. The intentions of the Prince, and his paternal anxiety for the good of his subjects, protected the King, the father and the husband. We must, however, also tell our Reviewer, that he has made another mistake, by supposing, that “ *the contrast of the Prince of Wales's character has raised that of the King in the estimation of his subjects.*”

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We once saw public displeasure shewn to the noble youth in a public place ; but that was before the year 1786, which he celebrates, and before the Prince had set an example to the world, by RETIRING FROM THE SPLENDOUR OF A COURT, TO DO JUSTICE TO HIS CREDITORS. Whatever the virtues which we have seen so highly celebrated, may be rated at (*continnence and decorum*) we know enough of the world, to believe, that *honour and humanity* do not stand in a secondary point of importance.

Having finished then the portrait of his Majesty, the *speculative mind* of our Reviewer of the year seventeen hundred and eighty seven, proceeds in loose career, his pen resembling the horse of Commodore Trun-
 nion, that carries him over hedges and ditches with which he had no manner of business. The *unpopularity* which, he has
 apprehended,

apprehended, exists with regard to the Prince of Wales, (but which, we believe, a short time will prove, only exists in his ideas) he observes not indeed improperly, is not very natural. "*The errors,*" says he, "*of the father only illuminate and endear the son*" (must he still bring in the errors of the father) "*who, as not being implicated in the disgrace, or involved in the misconduct of the Government, is, by the ERRING MULTITUDE, regarded as the sure pledge of future times of tranquility and happiness.*"

A long train of descriptive praise ushers in the character, which is to be in the end held up as a sacrifice, "*personal elegance, improved by education, cultivated by letters, enlarged by an acquaintance with men not often attained by Princes. Endowed with powers of pleasing, and capacities of a convivial and social kind, not inferior even to those so much*

admired in Charles the Second. Affable even to familiarity, addicted to the enjoyment of the table, and certainly not insensible to the charms of beauty." Observe then, for what reason these praises are bestowed. The pen which allowed the father continence and domestic virtue, as a balance for **all** the abuse with which it could load him as a King, now draws this amiable and true* character of the son, that it may in like manner, under the appearance of candour, (to which the Reviewer has the arrogance to lay claim) hold him up to ignominy and contempt.

Here, however, we must pause a little, and request, that if this Reviewer ever should favour the world with an addition to his Review, he must consider, that describing

* We do not mean this as a compliment to the candid Reviewer ; the things are too well known not to have spoken truly.

scribing men is something like the art of painting, when different colours cannot be laid upon the same part of the picture. There are virtues and vices that can never exist in the same breast, and though he may say they do, the *erring multitude* will not believe it. “ *Disobedience to a parent will* (he says) *alienate the minds of men from such amiable qualities in a Royal Heir.*” “ *But* (says he) *obedience is a virtue ever found to exist with most force and energy in those bosoms where nature has implanted the most benign and kindly affections.*” Such he now described the Prince to be ; yet he now also unites with that, disobedience. Contradictions are not new in this production of our Reviewer ; but as the first part of the character was true, let us enquire into the falsity of this second.

The political opinions of a King and a Prince do not of necessity coincide ; on the contrary,

contrary, those who regard as valuable the liberties of this country, wish them to be opposite: and it was no difference of political opinions that caused a temporary, and a slight displeasure, which we have seen take place. Their political opinions were different some years ago, though in the relation of Father and Son there was a *reciprocal* affection; and the only displeasure which we ever remember the *erring multitude* shewed to the conduct of the Prince, was, when opposite parties had distracted the kingdom in an unprecedented manner. It was as the head of a party, which was obnoxious to the *erring multitude*, at the time that he was blamed, not as being of an opposite party to his Father; for he has been so ever since, and he was so before. The causes to which Mr. Reviewer attributes the Prince of Wales's having "*degraded himself in the eyes of a discerning and loyal,*

loyal, but an impartial people," or, in other words, *an erring multitude*, is one of some years duration ; whereas, any displeasure which ever existed, was but the overflowings of party-zeal on a particular occasion.

We must certainly insist upon the truth of this, that the nation shews no signs of dissatisfaction to the Prince. Men of fashion consider him as their chief ; men of letters, as their patron ; artists and manufacturers, their best friend. His accomplishments have also endeared him to the other sex, to whose *seductions*, our Reviewer says, he is not insensible. We have enumerated those ranks of men who compose the most important part of the *erring multitude*, and we dare Mr. Reviewer to prove, that what we have advanced is not true. We may go a little farther with safety, and add, that the honourable manner in which the Prince of Wales acted to creditors, who
could

could not touch his person or his property, not only attracted the esteem, and won the affections of the people, but will preserve them. This was no equivocal, but a solid mark of honour and of virtue; and as such, a discerning, a-loyal, an impartial (but an erring) people will consider it. Not only was that action great, but it was of that sort which stamps value on the whole character. Honour and virtue that could do that, cannot inhabit the same mansion where those base principles dwell, which excite, as he says, *contempt and ridicule*.

Our candid Reviewer goes next to shew, that the common comparison between the Prince of Wales and Henry the V. when he was a Prince, is not just. "*Where,*" says he, "*is this pretended similarity between the Conqueror of Agincourt and the Son of George the Third?*"

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The Conqueror of Agincourt, we reply, was a King at the head of an army ; and as far above the common rate of Kings, as the same man was, when but a youth, inferior to the Prince of Wales. If the portrait is a true one, Henry the V. was in the days of his youth an associate with low blackguards ; and though in mind a hero, he was in manners not a gentleman. The Prince of Wales is in every way, not only a gentleman, but there is not a gentleman this day in England, who will not allow, that he is at the head of that honourable corps.

Here indeed we can pay no compliment to the discrimination and judgment of our candid Reviewer. These characters were never compared. It has indeed been said, when the failings of the Prince (for it is not the lot of any mortal not to

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have a share) have been noticed, that the fallies of youth do not give us any reason to apprehend his making a bad King ; and Henry has been produced as a most notorious instance. This is the fact ; for no discriminating mind could ever draw a parallel between the two.

Let the Prince of Wales, says Mr. Reviewer, “ *express towards his Father and his Sovereign a decent and a filial reverence, however he may retain his private opinion on matters of policy.*” What do we hear ? Mr. Reviewer, you have mistaken the proper behaviour of a Prince, for what might, with great propriety, become yourself. Openness, we hope, will always be his ; you are welcome to its opposite, provided you will keep it to yourself, and not recommend it to those who would disgrace themselves by attending to your instructions.

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As your professions of candour may go a little way with those who do not look attentively at you, give us leave to ask, how in conscience, in giving the character of the Prince of Wales, did you pass unnoticed the most prominent and the most recent of all his public actions? His retiring to a private station, to satisfy his creditors. As a Picture Painter, you should have given us that; but we enquire not into your reasons, they are not worth our notice. However, if it had been only for the sake of completing the Picture, you should have handled this in some manner or other.

Thus have we followed our candid Reviewer through his two principal characters; how much to his honour, let the *erring multitude* judge. The minister comes next, and he too is handled in a

half fledged manner. Of the panegyrics which are bestowed on this minister, at the expence of former ones, we are not able to judge; because we are unacquainted with the fact. Time is the crucible in which their merits must be tried; and the period which now gives the praise to this, may soon be succeeded by one that will do the reverse. As to the "*reputed and apparent economy, the great talents, the amazing genius, and understanding sublime and capacious, sustained by industry and fortified by application, which can alone conduct to, or sustain on so giddy an eminence.*" No sooner are they declared by Mr. Reviewer to exist, than he begins to detract from them, "*for a peculiar combination of circumstances, to which he was perhaps more indebted, than all his virtues or endowments, elevated him to the highest employment in the state.*" Again, on the other hand, he says,
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even his enemies must allow, that he has not been found unworthy of so rapid and extraordinary a promotion; for “ *he has neither fire, nor promptitude, nor intemperance, nor inexperience, the usual characteristics of youth. Awkward and ungraceful in his person, cold and distant in his manners, and confined and private in the indulgence of festivity and relaxation.** Endowed with talents unexampled for swaying a popular assembly, ample, yet NOT PROLIX OR DIFFUSE; EXEMPT FROM REPETITION, yet leaving no part of his subject untouched or unexplained.” This with some more praises on his speechifying talents, completes the character of the English Minister. Such is the impartial portrait of his virtues and his defects!

This pure ethereal character, however, we are told, is TOO GOOD---Yes, too good!

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* We do not understand the meaning of this.

He likens Mr. Pitt to a *dose of physic*, which should have some poison mixed with it? Lest the Reviewer may be an apothecary, we shall not venture to dispute the point, whether Mr. Pitt *is like a dose of physic*, or whether a dose of physic should be mixed with poison or not. He says, however, that Mr. Pitt should have a *portion of venality*. Though we are not skilled in medicine, we suppose, that we know something of morality; and that the Creator of all things may probably have given Mr. Pitt some share of venality already; and if not, he is a rarity, and it would be a pity to spoil him. We are given to believe that the nation is not worthy of the Minister---“*The Roman Empire was not worthy of Pertinax.*” But what have Rome and Pertinax to do with Pitt and Britain?

A mark of wonder, with great propriety, concludes this portrait, as if we
should

should not be inclined to wonder enough without it. But with the character, he has not done with the man; for in describing the Administration of which he is the head, he tells us, that he is the "*whole Administration himself, the Atlantic support of the whole; or rather that he himself is the whole, and stands like Ajax, single and alone.*" Ajax, and Atlas, and doses of physic, are fine similitudes; but what nameless charm united a man of such abilities to the cyphers that surround him. And are they all cyphers? "*Nothing but a vast vacuity, no talents, no powers of oratory, no strength of intellect, illuminate the darkness or cheer the gloom.*" This is really rather too much: we must say fairly there is no appearance of candour here, nor of credibility; but Mr. Candour stops not at saying, they are ignorant cyphers, he says, "*they are too happy, if their want of*
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ability screen them from investigation. Jenkinson or Dundas may indeed," he observes, "supply the defects of the Cabinet in either House of Parliament; but England was not accustomed, in better times, to see the foreign interests of her Crown thus abandoned, and thus neglected, in every Court of Europe and every quarter of the Globe." When this last sentence was written, the Reviewer had forgot that Mr. Pitt, the Ajax, the Atlas of the Cabinet, nay the Cabinet itself, was a Minister too good for this country. How ill do these observations agree: contradictions, inconsistencies, and absurdities, croud so fast, and tread so thick upon each other's heels, that there is no possibility of reading any one sentence that has any meaning at all, which is not contradicted flatly and directly by some other, or perhaps by a dozen others.

"Under

"Under manifest vices," says our Reviewer, "*this Administration, supported by the gigantic and single talents of one individual, dependant not only on his life, but on the life of others, precarious and defective as it must be allowed, yet its duration appears to have no visible or even probable limits.*" Here we are again tempted to believe that it is Dean Swift's mill for composition which has fabricated this, because it is mere and downright absurdity and contradiction. One line has the audacity to contradict that which immediately went before, without fear of detection; then again it is in return contradicted by that which follows; for after all, he says, it is perhaps, "*owing to the dislike of the opposite party that this ministry keeps its place.*" Whoever has read this without observing these inconsistencies, should resolve in future to beware

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of

of that specious but shallow mode of writing.

We can with ease trace an endeavour to imitate Junius in this production, and we with propriety may say that it is an ass in a lion's skin. It was not the elegance of these masterly letters alone, that acquired for them a general admiration; it was the sound sense which they conveyed. Had it fallen to our lot to examine into the inconsistencies of Junius, we should have written only three monosyllables on the subject; THERE ARE NONE. Junius wrote opinions founded in sense and guided by principle: we wish not to be betrayed into language that might sound too harsh; but in justice to all parties we must declare, that though evidently intended as an imitation, they are JUST THE VERY OPPOSITE OF JUNIUS.

Having

Having dismissed the King, the Prince of Wales and Mr. Pitt, with those cyphers which compose the Cabinet; the Reviewer goes into an ungrateful and sterile soil, where chilling poverty appears in all its terrors, and he begins immediately to sing the horrors of the place. Want of money, however, seems to be the cause of the great complaint; for he says, "*there, may be found fame and immortality! that there is the spring and fountain of the muses, the Pierian Spring.*" Here he launches out in praise of a work, which, "*whether regarded as productions of prose or poetry, stand unrivalled and alone:*"* this, however, he in the same sentence compares to the Dunciad and the Satires of Juvenal. The Rolliad and the Proba-

* This reminds us of the child, who, in her mother's presence, says, "be sure you don't tell mamma that I stole the lump of sugar."

tionary Odes are the works he celebrates, *matchless* as they are; and here we must do him the justice to say, he has made a very proper criticism on the impropriety of making publick the private transactions of the King. This is well, and would deserve praise, had not his criticism itself been an involuntary blunder. He says, they ought not to “ *hold up the Sovereign to the derision of his people, to depicture him in every disgraceful attitude, from the crouded Levee to the Grocer's Shop.*” This criticism, though it may not manifest the same intentions in the writer, is certainly, so far as it goes, as great a sarcasm as the Odes. “ *It was not thus that the immortal Junius pursued the imperial fugitive.*”*

Unless

* The Reviewer, in a former part of his Review, mentions this immortal Junius as the writer of an obscure paper.

Unless it were with an intention once more to enter upon the subject of the King, we know not why the Rolliad and Probationary Odes should stand forward to be reviewed here; but so it is, almost one twentieth part of this valuable composition is employed on this attempt at Criticism.

After such a digression, as it is called, for the sake of giving an inconsistent Criticism on a work that had not naturally any connection with the Review, he goes on to paint the leading characters of Opposition. He has forgot that the praises he bestowed on his King, were those which he despises in the Duke of Portland, who, he says, is "*the pageant of a party.*" If honour, respectability, and excellence, added to Ducal rank, are
pageantry,

pageantry, we have done. The Jews at Duke's Place and the Back Settlements of St. Mary Axe, would not venture to blaspheme against these virtues which are yet held in esteem in a Christian country. Mr. Reviewer has forgot, but we have not, the Picture which he drew of the Present Administration; that is to say, of Mr. PITT, who is the all in all; as the rest are cyphers, by his own account. Abilities and virtue are all that can be valued in men. As to Administrations, then, he has painted the Duke of Portland's as being far superior in value to Mr. Pitt's. The Duke has the virtue, and the abilities are scattered in a great abundance, and even with profusion, among his coadjutors. This we shall soon see.

Mr.

Mr. Fox, says he, “ *has neither more elegance of manner nor address, than Mr. Pitt ; yet there is an unknown and undescribable something which pervades the darkness of his complexion, and sheds a sort of lustre across his saturnine features, which inspires confidence, and excites complacency.*” We are mistaken, if this very thing is not what is commonly called *address* ; not indeed by a dancing-master at a country barn, but by that class of mankind who stand foremost in the polite world. The natural advantages which Mr. Pitt derived from the *name* he bore, did not, he tells us, fall to the share of Mr. Fox, who, he says, cannot look to protection for paternal virtues : “ *but steady and fervent in his friendships, open and avowed in his enmities, he never abandons, under any circumstances, those to whom he is bound by*
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political ties; and he is designed by nature for the head of a party." To this character he adds, that "*Mr. Fox joins a long experience, consummate in all that detail of knowledge of the mysteries of a democratical government, possessing powers of eloquence less copious and brilliant, but perhaps MORE SOLID AND LOGICAL, than those of Mr. Pitt; yet EQUAL to him in ALL the sublime talents requisite for the government of an empire.*" To this it is proper to add, that these superior talents, he allows, co-operated with the virtues and integrity of the Duke of Portland, while Mr. Pitt stands alone amidst an empty void. We caution our Reviewer, in his next pamphlet, not to make so much use of the superlative degree; it is evidently very inconvenient and embarrassing to a man, who writes as he does; it betrays

trays him into many mistakes; for his universal desire for CANDOUR induces him to give the *greatest* degree of the same quality to different men. We only add this by way of a good-natured hint; for we wish him not to put the world again to the trouble of enquiring into his absurdities; so far as is convenient, we will readily do it; though we confess, that he must alter his manner totally: he must, in short, be born again, and become a new man.

The character which our Reviewer has bestowed on Mr. Fox, is a very high one indeed; but now comes his *coup de grace*. “ *He is inferior to Mr. Pitt only in one requisite; an opinion of his public principle generally diffused among the erring*

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multitude." This *inherent** defect is the allay in this bright and shining character, which he laments, is left to waste its sweetness in the desert air.

From the illustrious and shining character of Charles Fox, as he allows it to be, he passes to that of Lord North, who, he tells us five times, is *fallen---thus*: "*Fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen! and compelled to take shelter from oblivion and insignificance.*" Mr. Reviewer's Pamphlet will save him at least from oblivion, if, to use his own words, it should, by "*some improbable accident, be preserved by the ABSURDITY of mankind.*" So that Lord North may now be perfectly at ease as to oblivion at least. "The banner of
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* Why it is called an inherent defect, or with what degree of propriety, we know not.

Revolt (we are told,) was raised by Lord North against his Sovereign ;” and if Mr. Fox was painted superlatively good, Lord North has come in time to take the venom from that pen, which would otherwise have spent itself upon Mr. Fox. “ Vigour, energy, coercion, principle, were wanting.” Then Mr. Candour exclaims, “ but let me tread lightly over the ashes of the politically dead, who is personally and individually amiable, and whose unprotected head is protected by his private virtues.”*

We must here thank the Reviewer for confessing his own Creed. He says, a man may want principle, but be an amiable and virtuous man. This is just what, we apprehend, he

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thinks

* Unprotected for unsheltered : in the original, the letters are different, but the meaning is the same.

thinks to be his own case. We have reason to believe, that unless he had *wanted principle*, he would not have acted so inconsistently. Folly never betrayed men into half the inconsistencies that villainy and want of principle have done. Consistency is the test of truth in every Court of Justice in this kingdom. We must here beg leave to observe, that the opinions of the erring multitude have extended as far as to possess the speculative mind of the Reviewer. He has not judged with any propriety at all, about Lord North's want of principle. His most inveterate enemies do not accuse him of that; and why the nation does, is easily explained. Were the Reviewer acquainted with the etiquette of the British Court, he would know, that on the dismissal of a Minister,

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it is usual to blacken his character. It is a part of the ceremony, and is never omitted, when there is any possibility of doing it: it is done by his successors, for the same reasons that the Princes of Barbary cut off each other's heads. Never did a Minister retire from a public to a private station, and endeavour less to oppose the measures which seemed agreeable to his country, than did Lord North. Future revolutions in the cabinet made an interference necessary and honourable, which would not at first have been proper, and was certainly not then necessary: but when Lord North interfered, it was not as an ambitious, but as an honest man. He did not haughtily declare, that unless he could stand foremost in power, he would not serve his country,

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The Coalition with Mr. Fox did certainly occasion a doubt of the honour of both, among those who only considered the thing in a particular view. It seemed strange, that men, who had opposed each other respecting the freedom of America, should agree, after the cause of contention was removed; and as the discerning part of their opponents saw that this was not quite a complete cause of crimination, the personal expressions that had fallen from each other, during the undue warmth of debate, for several years, were selected, and laid before the public. We mean not here to enter into what is a very large field for debate; but we do not believe there is any reason to accuse Lord North of want of principle; want of conduct he may have shewn, for that
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is not inconsistent with abilities. Want of success has certainly been his lot; but *want of principle* is incompatible, we must say, with every virtue; and that he is individually virtuous and amiable, as a private man, the Reviewer has confessed. This we can no more unite in idea to want of principle, than we can suppose the same thing to be both right and wrong. The Reviewer takes *principle* to be *one virtue*. We differ from him, for we consider it as the *foundation of all* virtue.

Having finished then the characters of Lord North and Mr. Fox, the Reviewer says, he will not *descend* to delineate the other characters of opposition, of which he mentions Mr. Burke as one. What! and will you not *descend* to examine Mr. Burke?

Mr.

Mr. Burke is certainly much obliged to you; and so is every man who has shared the same fate. Your awkward and equivocal compliments, followed with inconsistent and ridiculous reproach, are not an object of much ambition. The genius of Mr. Burke, which, for elegance, is scarcely equalled, will be remembered in future ages, without the “improbable and “absurd preservation of your Review;” and if it ever should be “preserved, the candid virulence of “Mr. Burke,* and the inconsistent rec- “titude of Mr. Pitt, will not be for- “gotten.”

Mr. Sheridan, in whom “a matchless combination of talents meet,” only, says he, shall have the tribute of one line. His time now becomes very valuable;
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* An expression in the 66th page of the pamphlet.

nor does he stop to contrast Mr. Sheridan's virtues with any foible. "Rare and matchless talents, a temperate and winning elocution, sustained by classic elegance, pointed with the keenest irony, conspire to render him one of the most conspicuous leaders of parliamentary debate."

As some apology for this immense impatience, the Commercial Treaty is in view, which he calls a Gulph of Political Speculation; "its principle appearing in so questionable a shape, that it cannot be regarded on a first view, with any other sentiments than those of *predilection*." Why a thing that appears in a questionable shape should be viewed with predilection, we know not. We should suppose there were a mistake of the

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word, if our experience of the Reviewer did not warrant us to suppose that it is a mistake in the meaning. His affection for long, smooth, sounding words, we know, is great. He is mistaken, if he thinks that mankind will be at as great a loss to fathom his absurdities, and vain endeavours to shine, by well rounded periods, as he himself was to fathom the reason why Mr. Fox's address won the hearts of men. We know why the word predilection was chosen in preference to others which would have answered much better, and we hope it will be altered in another edition.

Mr. Reviewer, after acknowledging that he cannot fathom the Treaty, commiserates the ignorance and credulity of the people, who are using the
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caution of men who have a great deal at stake, and who are not quite so conceited as to think that their fathers rejected the Treaty of Utrecht without any reason. We are, however, of another opinion in this, as well as in many other cases, from the Reviewer; and instead of pitying the people, we think them perfectly right, in adopting, with caution, what their fathers rejected with vigor, and remembered with that horror, which an escape from a great danger usually produces.

The Reviewer, who declares that principle is not necessary to virtue, and who certainly has no claim at all to consistency, goes about the Treaty, and about it. He fears, and hopes, and knows not what to do or to say. It is

evident he wishes to approve, but it is a *dark* subject, and he cannot see into it.

We must confess that we should have rather been on the other side of the question, if we had set out with owning that it appeared in a questionable shape to us: we should in that case, certainly disapprove highly of risking the fortunes of Old England on a *questionable* project; and we hope most sincerely, that unless its merits can unquestionably be proved, it will be positively rejected. We cannot approve of staking prosperity against want, in any case; nor our present wealth against poverty, whatever may be the prize. The same Minister who tells us that we should conclude a treaty, has exerted all his powers, and stretched his veracity, to assure us that we are
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already very rich. An old Earl, now living in splendour and affluence, was once asked to become an adventurer in a *Bank* that was established about twenty years ago, in a part of this island. Calculations were produced, to shew the immense profits that he might expect; for they had gone farther than Mr. Pitt; they had got their *profits upon paper*; but alas! indeed, they never got beyond that. The old nobleman looked at the paper, and saw that he could get 15 per cent. for his money, *if it answered*. “No,” said he, “it is too much. I have already more than my share of the world. I’ll not meddle with it.” He happened to be right, as those who did meddle can tell.

Our idea of the Treaty is a simple one. That England is the richest country

try in the world, and that not to be satisfied with those measures that have made us so, is unreasonable and absurd. We remember the story of the *hen* that laid golden eggs, and we intreat our countrymen to be cautious. To enter into a discussion of the Treaty is not to our purpose here; but we hope, that unless it appears very clearly, that the Treaty will be for the *permanent* advantage of this country, it will not be ratified. We advise the measures that are the *most safe*; and we hope it will be considered, that the politics of France are *different* from the politics of England; and that Mr. Pitt *alone* (so our Reviewer says) is to treat with the French Cabinet *combined*. Mr. Pitt's views, from the nature of his situation, are turned chiefly to the preservation of
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his place---and they are temporary. The views of France have a more distant object ; and, supposing both were to be fairly satisfied, it might ruin England. With regard to individuals, temporary and near views may often be the best ; but, as nations, durable benefits are the only ones that are worth our care. Above all, let us observe, that should Mr. Eden succeed in getting those things altered, which he has gone over to France to solicit, we are to suspect a snare ; for, if France does not see evident advantage in the Treaty, she will never grant the things we want, after preliminaries have been signed. This is only a plain-sense view of the matter. The party that has most to hope, is always most ready to comply, and is the least fastidious.

We

We are well as we are, and to be better, perhaps is improbable. We profess the most liberal principles of commerce that are adopted; but though a general freedom is the best for all mankind, yet monopolies are always good *for those who hold the charter*. As Englishmen, we wish things to remain as they are; but as citizens of the world, eying *all* mankind with equal good will, we should wish *all* ports to be opened to *all* nations. We intreat those to whom the affairs of this country are submitted, to consider themselves as Englishmen, and not as citizens of the world, *upon this occasion*.

The Commercial Treaty is followed by the Reviewer with a character of the King of Prussia: a King certainly
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of no common abilities; but we do not agree that he was superior, or nearly equal to Julius Cæsar. His character is, however, quite foreign to the affairs of Britain; besides, we are not sufficiently acquainted with his life, to enter into a discussion of the subject. We leave that to those men whose lot it is to celebrate heroes, and who are much better qualified than either the Reviewer or any inhabitant of this country, and at this time can be.

Our Reviewer turns next his eyes to the law suits of Lord Rodney, and he says, it is not "the only one of a similar kind." That a thing should not be the-only one of a similar kind to itself, is a new arrangement of words, of which we should scorn to

take notice, were not the affectation of fine language the cause of the error. Mr. Hastings's case he accounts similar, though they are by no means alike. Lord Rodney, as a British subject, is liable (as the King himself is) to have private prosecutions brought against him ; nor can his country interfere in preventing any individual from appealing to the laws. Should the law be unfavourable to a victorious commander, we hope, and we think, his country is bound to secure to the man who fought her battles an independent fortune ; and we are misinformed, if Lord Rodney has not already tasted of her bounty. We recollect to have heard of an annuity for two lives, of two thousand a year. As for papers which are mislaid or lost, we cannot suppose, that

merits

merits a place in the public review of this country; nor are we so ill natured as to suppose, they were removed from the office of a Secretary of State, by any other, than some fortuitous means, for which the country is no way amenable.

The prosecution of Mr. Hastings is different in its very nature from this; it is a public enquiry. But Mr. Reviewer enquires very little into the principles of things; he does not think that necessary. Whether Mr. Hastings preserved the existence of England (we suppose he means Englishmen) in India, we cannot judge; but for once, and only once we agree with our Reviewer, that if Mr. Hastings's conduct is found, upon the whole, to be good, he should be acquitted;

quitted; and we hope, for the honor of the English name, that he will be found to be so.

That the consistency, liberality, and expansion of mind, which our Reviewer says, Mr. Pitt “ *possesses, are not to be traced, we allow; and that this half-faced fellowship and inconsistent rectitude,*” will meet with the disapprobation of every party, and create disgust, we are certain; and we will venture to add, that it will have the same effect upon those who are of no party at all; for, whatever Mr. Pitt or the Reviewer may think of want of principle, we are convinced, that he who wants it, will not long have the esteem or the management of this country; and if Mr. Pitt were just what he has been described, the Ajax, the Atlas, the

the giant, the all in all of a Ministry, that is too good for this country (for so he has been described) we are pretty sure, that he would either never have protected, or never abandoned Mr. Hastings.

A review of Lord Mansfield's life, which follows, is not necessary to remark with particular attention; a news-paper of the day will contain in five lines, more important, as well as more accurate facts relating to him. As to his character, mankind have allowed him to be an excellent judge; but the Reviewer passes over the main circumstance which distinguishes him from other judges. He has spent his life in reducing law to common equity and common sense; he has endeavoured, and he has in a great measure accom-

accomplished the arduous task. Of Lord Mansfield's life, this seems to us to be the most remarkable part; and we hope, that his country will encourage those who follow his example.

Thus ends our Reviewer's animadversions on the State of Politics of Great Britain, at the Commencement of the Year 1787. How consistent the parts, and how complete the whole, we are now to judge.

He has in the midst of his candour forgot, that there exists a set of men, who join not any party but those who are the friends of their country. We expected he would have mentioned this circumstance, and reasoned a little upon general prospects; but he soars not so high. An irregular and inconsistent

sistent review of private character is his farthest aim: he does not tell us one general truth, that relates to the affairs of the nation, independant of party or of temporary change. We expected to have been told, that there is yet in this nation a controul over all parties; - that the people, *that erring multitude*, which he treats with such contempt, hold the balance in their hands; and that there are not wanting as assistants in that glorious cause, some men of high rank and of the most distinguished abilities. We hesitate not to say, that were either party to obtain an uncontrouled sway, the nation would be in danger; but while the people are assisted by men of rank and abilities, in watching over their affairs, we hope there is no danger; and though he does not advert to the fact,

fact, we are happy to see, that there are in this nation some men, who will mix in public affairs, or return to a private station, as they perceive it to be for the good of their country.

The portrait of the affairs of this country our Reviewer has now finished. Indeed, when he had not time to give any account of Mr. Burke, and could only afford a single line for Mr. Sheridan, we think he has held out longer than we had any reason to expect. He says himself, that his portrait is faithful to nature, which is the highest praise that he can possibly give it. He adds, that it is defaced by no party misrepresentations, and obscured by no private prejudices; that he is above the vileness of writing for any faction, or adopting for interest
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any opinion. He has written as he felt on every subject.

It is unnecessary to remark, that these professions are unbecoming, as well as useless. Indeed its true, they cost nothing; but we must repeat, that they are useless nonsense; that they are but as the sounding brass, and tinkling symbol, and unbecoming a man who offers his works for the fair criticism of mankind. It is a vile attempt to bias the public opinion in his own favour, at the first outset; and we must say plainly, that we do not believe him. For we can account for those inconsistencies, which we have traced from no other cause but the want of principle, and the desire to serve some particular end. We are sorry, that he has chosen so bad an
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employment, and one for which he is so completely unfit, and for which he will remain unfit, unless he will change both his manner and his creed.

In the first place, he must adhere steadily to principle, and discard the base idea, that there can be virtue where that is wanting. He must then also resolve to prefer sense to sound, and not use liquid syllables and smooth founding words, merely because they are such. In short, he must take a plain meaning and plain sense for his guide: he must chuse a subject that he understands something about, and he will certainly attain consistency and common sense, which are the foundation of all Political Speculations. If he has never been to be found on the Terrace at Windsor, we advise him
never

never to go there. His Sovereign must spurn the man who deprived him of every virtue but continence and decorum of manners. If he never has been at the suppers at Carleton House, we beseech him never to appear there; for the magnanimity of the Prince will scarcely screen that man from his resentment, who attempted to convince the world, that the disobedience of the Son had encreased the popularity of his Father. Nor can we commit him with safety to the *erring multitude*; but we advise him seriously, if he has not yet proclaimed his own ignorance, by discovering his name, never to do it. And above all, we advise him never to indulge the *absurd idea*, that his own cotemporaries, the inhabitants of the capital, will receive with favor his

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production; nor to allow himself on any account to be incited in any moment of leisure to resume his pen, to complete a picture, of which, he says, he has only given us the outlines.

We have now taken leave of our Reviewer. But sensible as we are, that professions of candour, though anonymous, have some effect; and that indiscriminate praise, and contumely, do often assume its shape, we beg leave to exhibit in one short view, those inconsistencies and contradictions, which we have been obliged to attack separately, as they occurred, in the loosest literary production that has almost ever made its appearance. We are induced to do this the more, as we are sensible that the deception has had a temporary success. A little time, we know, would alter the opinions of men;
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and they would soon see, that there is no real information in the pamphlet, no knowledge of character; and that at bottom, there is a view of making court to certain persons. We have been guided by prudence so far, that we have not charged the Reviewer with any thing that we have not proved from his own production; but it is our opinion, though we do not assert that we are right, that the Reviewer intended to please his Majesty and the Prime Minister.

From the whole of this contradictory pamphlet it appears, that the Reviewer inadvertantly pours out a most copious share of abuse on those very characters that he intends to praise. While he applauds his Majesty only for his *prolific* and domestic qualities, he has the vileness to compare his *virtues* to those of Charles I. a Prince whose sole object was, to trample
down

down all the barriers of the constitution, and rear up an arbitrary monarchy on its ruins ! The diadem, he says, would have been torn from the Royal brow, had his Majesty been the partner of a *barren bed* ! Has our gracious Sovereign then no shield to defend him but the fruitfulness of his Queen ? This is the most palpable satire that could ever fall from the pen of malice. St. James's must detest it, and even in St. Stephen's, it must meet with universal reprobation. It is the language of folly, of frenzy, nay of treason ; or rather a vile commixture of them all.

As to Mr. Pitt, whom we should think is another of his deities, he accuses him of illiberality, of a narrowness of mind, of inconsistency, of an unsound policy, and of being guilty of actions that must disgust every party, and meet with general

ral disapprobation ! This is his friendship. Hear his enmity.

Lord North he accuses with want of Principle, yet he afterwards celebrates him for his virtues. This is the first time indeed that virtue was ever heard to be deficient in principle!

Mr. Fox he accuses of only one crime, and a great one it certainly is, he wants the opinion of the *erring* multitude. His powers of eloquence, he allows, are more logical and solid than those of Mr. Pitt ; and that he is superior to the Minister in modern, in polite, and in all political knowledge. As he thus acknowledges Mr. Fox's pre-eminence, the multitude, it is presumed, ought not long to retain their errors, but embrace the truths contained in his doctrine.

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The Duke of Portland, he accuses of possessing a respectable and excellent private character ; laments that he is only equal in heart and understanding to the late Marquis of Rockingham. This is meant as a poison, but it acts as a balm. All parties have subscribed to the mild but firm integrity of a Rockingham. It was he who subdued the jarring political elements. His whole life was glorious, though his death proved destructive. Happy for this distracted empire will it be, should his Grace of Portland prove the successful Rockingham of 1787, by laying party, like him, prostrate at the foot of Liberty ! His Grace's virtues merit the task. And the Reviewer could not pay a greater compliment to any party, although evidently intended as a sarcasm, than by affirming that their chief pageant was a man of strict virtue, and a counterpart of the very respectable departed and revered Marquis.

Before

Before we conclude, it is necessary to observe that the scope of the whole pamphlet, though seemingly intended, from an affectation of candour, only to foil administration and blacken opposition, its wound lies deeper. It is likewise designed to destroy the amiable character of the Prince of Wales. Parliament is to be sacrificed at the shrine of Hastings. The Prince's reputation at the shrine of virtue, because it is thought that it would gratify the feelings of a displeased Father. Both Prince and Patriots, it appears, were to be levelled in the dust, that our Sovereign, the god of his *interested* idolatry might be pleased. Destroy the character of Prince and Parliament in the eyes of the people, and our King alone becomes invested with all the prerogatives of the Gallic Monarch. But so eager was this Reviewing Assassin to stab the Prince and *both* parties at one

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thrust,

thrust, that he could not help deeply wounding the Sovereign also. From this over-strained lounge, he cannot possibly recover. If he attempts it, he falls into ignominy. Unknown, he can only be detested as an obscure assassin; but should he ever have the hardihood even to whisper his name, it will afterwards be adopted as a term to convey every thing that is base and infamous.

In these reflections on a tinsel'd composition, which seems to have been written for the purpose of a day, we have not shewn any disrespect to the Sovereign; while we have reprobated the base idea, that he owes any portion of the affections of his people to the disobedience of his amiable Son. Were we to follow the example of the Reviewer, we should in lofty strains proclaim our independence,

dence, our integrity, and our virtue. We should tell you, that to us, all parties are alike; but we are not desirous of compelling, or even of alluring over to our side, the opinions of men: nay, we shall go so far as to say, that whether rich or poor, or whig or tory, it is of no importance. What we have written appears for itself; and we send it out into the world, that it may receive its desert.

R E J O I N D E R

T O T H E

P E O P L E ' s A N S W E R.

IF the King's name be a tower of strength in a pure monarchy, that of *the People* is equally so in a mixed government. Often have both served the purposes of villainy and deception. This is the plan of the *People's Answer*. A flimsy catchpenny, written with no other view, than to gloss over the false brilliancy, the incongruity, the absurdity, the disloyalty, and the want of patriotism, which pervade every part of the *Short Review*.

Murphy, in his farce of the Upholsterer, and Smollet, in the Adventures of a Guinea, have drawn two literary characters, that first wrote

an *attack*, and each afterwards, in a *defence*, dissected it in their *own* compositions. We do not affirm that this may be exactly the case with the author of the People's Answer; but it is evident, upon the most cursory glance, that he has at least a *fellow-feeling* for the *success* of the Review, if he be not the author of it.

It must be allowed that the style is not very similar. But for this we can easily account. The Review being a hunting after vocable, and a labour at period, to shed a false lustre, like a whitening in the dark; it must have employed a weak mind for many days, nay for many weeks. It is, however, quite different with the *Answer*, it being written on the *spur* of the occasion.—Therefore it *dazzles not*, unless with one distracted simile, and the absurd members of an absurd metaphor. They are these :

“ The circle at the Levee,” says he, “ like the orbit of the *Georgium sidus*, is so far removed from the *the sun of wit*, as scarcely,” &c. Now, it is certain that Herschell's planet is a great way removed from the sun : but whether or not that sun be the sun of wit, remains to be proved. He cannot surely mean Apollo ? Because, even allowing master Apollo to be a wit, as he is the god of verse, to form a *simile* by a *figure*, is beyond the comprehension of either Burke or Longinus. Very likely he meant the sun of wit to be Sheridan, and the *Georgium sidus* our gracious monarch. To be sure, the circle at the Levee is far removed from Sheridan, and consequently so is our Sovereign star, the *Georgium sidus*. By adopting this happy and sublime thought, therefore, in discovering a meaning for him, he must certainly own that we have thrown in one ray of wit, to illumine his obscure, ambiguous figures, which partake
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of the form of a griffin. If they have the eyes and beak of a two-legg'd bird, they are sure to have the feet of a four-legg'd beast, to prove how much superior the vigour of imagination is to the powers of nature.

Being hungry, perhaps, which is the lot of many a muse, he compares the whole pamphlet of the Review to a pleasant banquet. This might pass, as it is a natural failing in empty authors, to picture purses of gold in their writings, and good eating and drinking, that they may at least feed their fancies, if they cannot either fill their pockets or their bellies. After, therefore, he has removed the second course, he luxuriously calls for the desert. But what sort of a desert is it, my good *People*, that *your mouth-piece* enjoys? He not only *cracks* a few *literary walnuts*, but he likewise *cracks cherries*, nay *edifying cherries* too! * And he revels in all this delicious desert, for no other purpose than being "in quest of *interleaved mottoes*!" Ye delirious powers of Fancy, tell us in what part of the globe this new poetic garden of Eden flourishes? Where are these trees of knowledge to be found, that produce literary walnuts and edifying cherries? Greater far than old Eden must this orchard be, where not only the fruit enlarges the understanding, but even knowledge is conveyed to the mind through the medium of the eye, by the hand of nature stamping edifying mottoes too, upon every leaf! Must we search for it near the banks of the Euphrates, between the tropics? Or is it only to be found between the tropics of a distempered brain? Tell us, tell us, thou *brazen Hydra of the People*!

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* See the Answer, p. 23.

So much for his refined imagination. Now for his plagiarist.

In order to *puff* the *sale* of the *Review*, besides sipping Mr. Eden's cold cream, he likewise sips the *cream* of Don Quixotte, without, however, acknowledging it. He tells us, that every one about Court is eager to read this precious Review; that lords of the bed-chamber retail it; maids of honour scribble it; *pages* learn to spell it, &c. Reader, when you perused the *third* chapter of the *second* part of Don Quixotte, do you not remember Sampson Carrasco say, when speaking of the first part of that work, that "the very children handle it; boys read it; men understand it; and old people applaud it: in short, it is so thumbed, so read, and so well known," &c. Then again—"But those who peruse it most are your *pages*; you cannot go into a nobleman's antichamber, where you won't find a Don Quixotte, which is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up; some struggling and some intreating for a sight of it," &c. Of Cervantes's inimitable work this was true. The reverse is not only the case with this ridiculous Review; but it excites no other feeling than that of contempt, either at St. James's, at Carlton-house, at Burlington-house, nay, and at Downing-street too. If it be admired at all, it is only by the author, and his friend, the illustrious Hastings.—What says Major Scott? But to return. Thus far plagiarist—Now for principle.

This self-representative of *the People*, insidiously brings forward the Reviewer's dark shade of Mr. Fox's character only, and but the light shade of the Minister's. This is not only unfair, but infamous and unprincipled. He praises Mr. Fox as Antony did Brutus.* He speaks of Mr. Pitt, as the same man did of Cæsar.†
fair.

* Answer, p. 11.

† Idem, p. 9. and 10.

Though we might profess ourselves to be of no party, yet, as we are the *real* friends of the People, and the admirers of many characters in Opposition, we cannot peruse this trifling but treasonable publication, without the utmost indignation.

Lord North, too, is likewise abused. The answerer says, that he was the *instrument* of *state*, during all his administration! He goes further. He has the infamy to assert that his Lordship never "*thought or acted from his own honest principles*, until he was proscribed the drawing-room!" Heavens! what a mendacious insinuation! To say that a worthy character could be deprived of his honest principles for ten long years! This by far outdoes all the Reviewer's malignity.

He says, too, that the Heir-apparent is a *giddy Prince*. A gay Prince he certainly is. But his gaiety is not frivolous. It is bounded by honour, on the one side, and by elegance, on the other, supporting a good heart in the centre.

Plutarch, he quotes, to shew *similitudes* in *dissimilar* characters! Here, however, he displays the cloven foot. Hastings, he asserts, "*has only been found apparently guilty of one of the most malignant of his charges!*" Is not this *impeaching* the *integrity* of the honourable House of Commons?

But the great wound of all, is reserved for a person that shall be nameless. Every party must execrate this portrait of him. "*Dark, vindictive, unrelenting cruelty. Cold, sullen, untractable perverseness. A systematic hatred of Liberty. A heavy ignorance of our laws. A malignant perversion of our constitution.*" Is not this totally disfiguring Wilkes's *fair* that he once wished to split. Should any one peruse the above passage, with the context, could he hesitate

tate to whom he would apply it, in any court of justice? And what would be the consequence. Junius's letter to the King is but vinegar, in comparison of this *aqua regis*! Its design is to corrode and destroy every particle of character.

This pamphlet, upon the whole, is a *hasty* counterpart of the Review, only more acrimonious against Lord North, and a certain Person, for whom it gallops round the whole globe in search of royal similitudes.

Before we have done, we must not take leave of the people, without observing that this catch-penny pamphlet, pretending to be *their answer*, is a most daring forgery on *their own name*, and clearly appears to be the *shield of defence*, not the *sword of destruction*, to the *Short Review*.

We cannot conclude, without reprobating with severity the spirit that breathes through the *Review* and the *Answer*. The endeavour of both is to *misrepresent* the King and the Prince to the nation. To widen a breach, which all good subjects regret ever existed between an affectionate Father and an amiable Son. A breach which we hope soon to see no more. No, not even a trace left behind, to remember us that it ever existed.

We are sorry to learn that Administration foment this breach, from a fear of losing their situations, should a *cordial reconciliation* take place. This is a sable speck in their characters, which it becomes them to wipe off. What are *their* places, if they can only hold them by fanning the flame of discord? It makes their patriotism appear equivocal. Perhaps it may overturn it. Though the People, like Fortune, are often blind, they sometimes remove the bandage.

